The Unitarian Calendar

"But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round . . . . . as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one account to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they were really fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And, therefore, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe it has done me good, and will do me good; and I say, God bless it!"

DICKENS' CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Vol. 3 DECEMBER — 1910 No. 4

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With headquarters in the building of the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Local offices at 104 East 20th Street, New York City; 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., and Cor. Franklin and Geary Streets, San Francisco, Cal.

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Founded in 1825.

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The Unitarian Calendar

Vol. 3 DECEMBER, 1910. No. 4

THE SPIRIT OF JESUS

BY REV. JOHN W. CHADWICK

The service of Jesus to humanity is commensurable with the spirit that was in him. It was the spirit of sincerity,—thought and desire must be as clean as act; it was the spirit of informal, undogmatic religion,—tolerating forms and dogmas, but laying no stress upon them; it was the spirit of compassion, superior to all bounds of caste or sect; it was the spirit of humanity, of brotherhood, seeing a brother or a sister in the most miserable or bad; it was the spirit of trust in the Eternal Goodness which he called the Father. It was because this five-fold spirit of sincerity, of untheological religion, of compassion, of humanity, of trust, was "the spirit that was in Jesus," that he became the founder of a new religion, and has a voice and language for our modern life, to whose persuasive accents we should listen frequently and well. His theology might have been a hundred times as rational, his ethics might have justified our calling him the moral Euclid, and but for the spirit that was in him his name would not have lit up, as no other, the darkness of these eighteen centuries of time. This it was that grappled men to him with hooks of steel; that, out of Galilean fishermen and women of no reputation, organized a community for fellow-service, and imposed on it the perfect law of love. This spirit it was, resident in that community, which became the integrating force

of a new order in society, and which, through whatsoever accretions of ignorance and superstition, has been the vivifying and regenerative force of Christian civilization, and still has a work to do, a victory to win.

SPIRITUAL POWER

BY REV. JAMES C. DUNCAN,

Of the First Unitarian Society, Clinton, Mass.

"Ye shall receive power," we read in the Acts of the Apostles, "when the Holy Spirit is come upon you." But the holy spirit seldom comes unless we call upon it. Ask and ye shall receive is the law of the spirit. Prayer is the path to power. If we would be spiritually strong we must converse with God,—not only *say* prayers to him, but listen to what he says to us. Real prayer is communion, the mingling of soul with soul, the union of the human with the divine, the consolidation of man's will with God's will. Against such combination no power on earth can stand. The man possessed with the power of God sweeps everything before him, triumphing over penury, pain, and the dark grave. What cares the man in league with God about being poor, or in pain, or the approaching feet of the sure and silent messenger? With grand old Walt Whitman he cries:

> "Old, poor and paralyzed,
> I thank Thee."

That is what spiritual power does for a man. It makes him thankful just to be alive. It is life; and its possessor never grows old. When William Sharp (Fiona Macleod) visited Whitman,

wards the end of his days, the visitor, referring some incident in the venerable poet's life, remarked, "That was when you were young?" "Young?" replied the patriarchal old poet, "Young? I am as young now as I was then! What's this gray tangle" (giving his straggling beard an impatient toss) "and this decrepit old body got to do with that, eh? I never felt younger, and I'm glad of it, against what's coming along. That's the best way to shift camp, eh? That's what I call youth."

And that is the power of the spirit, or spiritual power. When we pray for it with *all our might,* with the lips and with the life, we shall surely receive it.

It took the Church three hundred years to determine finally and forever that one man had been a Son of God. How long it will take to convince the Church that all men are born with the possibility of becoming sons of God one cannot say. The great difficulty appears to be that, when people set out to take this latter step, presently they are tempted to pull down the standard which marks where they are to climb, and to try to believe that they are already there. You have not made humanity divine when, as the phrase runs, you have made Christ to be "only a man." The task is, seeing him divine, and abating nothing of the divine revelation made through him, to join that, in unweakened bonds of reverence, with the revelation of an indwelling Deity in the universal heart of man.

The divineness of human nature, as we may behold it in the light of Christ's example, and as his life is interpreted and made real to us by what we know as best in the life of our present world, —this is the thought that will bring us back once

more to the conecption with which Christianity began; that as many as received the divine word into their hearts, to them gave he power to become the sons of God.—*From "Christmas." By Howard N. Brown.*

Whatever the historical Jesus may have been, his life and his personality were such that he gave the world its pronounced and effective ideal of human completeness. When we think of Socrates we think of his acute and inexhaustible wisdom; when we think of Nehemiah we are amazed at the riches of his memory; when we think of Newton his marvellous mathematical power impresses us, and when we think of Shakespeare, the riotous versatility of his imagination fills us with wonder.

But when that quiet Galilean is brought to mind it is his completeness, his perfect soundness that we recognize. It is the beauty of his wholeness, or holiness, that makes him wonderful. Somehow, he makes us feel as if he could not be vanquished by any sort of opposition or adversity—and so he has become an ideal personality, not because of his knowledge or wisdom, not because of his oratory, or his goodness, or his spiritual insight even—but because of his perfect poise in a world that was full of strife and wrong and injustice and cruelty and ignorance. Nothing unsettled him. Nothing clouded the clearness and sanity of his vision.

In completed man begins anew
A tendency to God—for God is glorified in man.
—*Browning.*

CHRISTMAS

The evangel of the Christmastide is the message of the universal incarnation. That is the glad tidings of great joy for all the sons of men. Not all men have heard it yet. Multitudes still think of God not as a vital, immediate, and creative presence, but as remote, impersonal, a being who has gone into antiquity and whose commands reach us only through the report of a few special revelations or favored witnesses. Men will agree to believe in a Creator, they will agree that only some omnipotent power could construct and manage such a universe as that in which we live; but they have failed to find God in the common duties and responsibilities of life, in the cares and toils, the joys and sorrows or ordinary human experiences, in the motions and desires of their own hearts, and in the ideals and possibilities that forever challenge and enchant the imagination.

The man who holds the rational and legitimate faith in the universal incarnation can smile at the folly that tells him that he is nothing but an assembly of perishable atoms, or that his thoughts and feelings are purely automatic. He knows better. He knows that he can feel and share the quickening life of the Infinite Energy, that through his fellowship in the bountiful nature of God, he can rejoice in beauty and sympathy and prophecy; that through his portion of God's eternity he can inherit eternal life.

And what he believes for himself he believes for all men. Through the infinite varieties of personality he can trace "the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." He knows that "the light and heat of the candle is the same in kind as the light and heat of the sun; yes, it is the light and heat of the sun." Sometimes, indeed, the light burns mighty low or is obscured

by dark records of self-indulgence or ignorance or sin, but in every son of man there is the latent possibility of heroism. Every soul is kindled from the universal light, and, though it be hardly more than a flickering glimmer, some day, breathed upon by the breath of God, it will blaze up and consume what is base and mean. A distinctive mark of a free Christian church is an illimitable faith in the possibilities of humanity.

SAMUEL A. ELIOT.

THE HUMAN CHRIST

BY REV. CHARLES F. DOLE, D. D.

Of the First Unitarian Church, Jamaica Plain.

I carry a beautiful picture enshrined in my mind. It is the image of the perfect man. Strength, justice, courage, truth, grace, faithfulness are in every line of the face. Kindness, sympathy, hope, gladness, enthusiasm, constant goodwill shine out of the eyes.

Unknown cost of effort, peril, pain, sorrow and sympathy has gone into this face. But it is not worn or sad. The look of victory is there—of good overcoming evil. There is firm rebuke in the face of the picture at meanness, oppression, cruelty, selfishness and pride. But infinite humanity also is there, as of one who believes in me to the last, expects the best of me, is determined to win me to his radiant faith in the right. The face is not too serious; it casts on me many a smile of genial good humor. There is no companionship in the world quite equal to it. In its presence I am refreshed, strengthened, and heartened for every enterprise.

No one has ever seen in bodily form the ideal

face of my picture. It belongs to no single nation, or color, or race, or religion. It is not man alone; it has womanly tenderness along with its strength. It is as pure of evil thought as it is fearless of danger. It is a universal man, the son and heir of the universe. It is the image of God; it is doubtless my best self—the man I would choose to become.

The man in the shrine of my heart is like a wonderful composite photograph. All illustrious human persons and values have gone into making it. Whatever faults and foibles good men have ever had fall away. All the good are in my picture, but it is greater than any one of them all. The prophet of Nazareth, who blessed little children, is with me, and many a dim figure of great prophets before him. The Buddha is with me, with his vast pity for suffering humanity. Socrates, drinking the hemlock and scorning to save his life by running away from his duty, has entered into the soul of my picture. The brave English King Alfred is there, and many a true-hearted statesman and patriot; our own Washington at Valley Forge, and Abraham Lincoln writing the Proclamation of Emancipation, or visiting his wounded soldiers in the hospitals. The men and women who have made and moulded the lives of each of us, are in the picture, loving fathers and mothers, high-minded teachers, honest merchants, faithful workmen, good physicians. Even the heroes of story are with us—the noble bishop in Les Miserables, Romola and Adam Bede. Contributions fresh from human life go daily into making my picture. It is never complete, because it is infinite, like the life of God. Yet nothing that I possess is so real.

I, too, help in making the picture. Every good thought, every kind act or word, every utterance of good will develops and deepens the picture. To know the real man in my heart, to love him,

to keep company with him, most of all, to do his bidding and not to dare or wish to move against his will—this is to be at one with myself; this is to love all true men everywhere; this is the essence of worship and communion with God. This is the heart of the Christmas joy.

MAKING CHRISTMAS WORTH WHILE

As Christmas approaches and we commemorate the birth of the founder of Christianity, isn't it well for us to consider the surprising fact that Jesus never said anything about "Religion"? The author of a great spiritual impulse who yet never once defined, discussed, or tried to classify Religion, as such!

Religion as a subject of speculation did not seem to enter his mind. He was just interested in *life* and *living*. Religion and life were synonymous. With him it was not a question of *getting* religion. He assumed that everybody who had life had what we call religion. He did not say that he came to bring religion, but "I came that ye might have life," etc.

If he could open the flood-gates of life, so that everybody could have enough, then everybody would go about the Father's business. Then people would not waste, but make the most of their talents; they would obey the laws of life because they would have life enough to obey them. We speak of people who are religious and people who are not religious, as if there were a generic difference between the two; but with Jesus it was not a difference in kind, but a difference in power.

Supposing we could incarnate the Christmas Salutation for the coming year, so that the main business of our living would be to create the feeling wherever we went that is expressed in the

words: "Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy." What an increase of life would flow all along the channels of our influence! We would not have to define religion, we would not need to state our beliefs, we would never think of denying or defending the positions of orthodoxy. More abundant life would flow into and through human minds and hearts, and a kind of spiritual good-cheer would radiate so persistently that religion could be taken for granted, as Jesus took it. Christmas would then be not only for a single day, it would be a living presence all the year round.

When men talk theology they differ; when they talk religion they agree. And it is beautiful to see how in all moments of exaltation, in the grand crises which bring out the real emotions of the heart, in moments of common sorrow, or common peril, the language of theology is forgotten, its discord ceases, and the common language of religion expresses the common emotions of all hearts. Men may pray theology, they may sing theology; but true prayers and true hymns express only the one faith of all souls.

—*C. C. Everett.*

Wisdom too great to be translated into action is a contradiction of words. For wisdom is only knowing what one ought to do next. Virtue is doing it. Virtue and enjoyment have never been far apart from each other. To know and to do is the basis of the highest service. Those the world has the right to honor are those who have found enough to do. The fields are always white to their harvest. —*David Starr Jordan.*

UNITARIAN HYMN

(*Christmas.*)

It came upon the midnight clear,
  That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
  To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good will to men,
  From heaven's all-gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay
  To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
  With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
  O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
  They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
  The blessed angels sing.

But with the woes of sin and strife
  The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
  Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
  The love song which they bring:
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
  And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
  Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
  With painful steps and slow,—
Look now; for glad and golden hours
  Come swiftly on the wing:
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
  And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever circling years
Comes round the age of gold:
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

EDWARD HAMILTON SEARS.

There is not a secular reform in the whole development of modern civilization which has not drawn its inspiration from a religious principle. Infirmaries for the body have sprung out of pity to the soul; schools for the letter, that free way may be opened to the spirit; sanitary laws, that the diviner elements of human nature may not become incredible and hopeless from their foul environment. Who would ever lift a voice for the slave, that looked no further than his face? or build a reformatory for the culprit, if he saw nothing but the slouching gait and thievish eye? Nay, what impulse would even science itself have had, if sustained only by the material utilities? What inspiring zeal, but for that secret wonder which feels the universe to be sacred and is a virtual thirst for God? —*James Martineau.*

It is the pure in heart who see purity and whom it makes happy. It is those who love who can know love, and to whom it is unbounded joy. It is they who are of the truth, who hear truth's voice, to whom it is the music of the world. It is they who see, and know, and hear these things who become consciously at one with God.

—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

THE CHALLENGE

BY REV. U. G. B. PIERCE, D. D.

Of All Souls' Church, Washington, D. C.

A divine discontent is part of our heritage, forbidding us to rest satisfied with things as they are. We cannot regard either the world or ourselves otherwise than as raw material. For a growing man demands a growing world to live in. This is a good world, but it is not the best possible world; otherwise it would be a bad world, inasmuch as it would offer no field for that passion for improvement which is our birthright. What we crave is not a world made perfect *for* us, but *by* us. The Son of Man now, as always, comes not to be ministered unto but to minister.

Thus it is that the business of religion is to finish the world, to perfect man. We are, indeed, to glorify God; but we are to glorify God by finishing the work He has given us to do. What that means is plain enough to those who have eyes to see. The opportunity—say rather, the challenge!—lies before every one of us. What the creation waits for is the type of man who knows that we are called to be sons of God. And the distinguishing mark of such men is that they give unto others the right to become sons of God. That is, indeed, the inalienable right of man; and it is hard to conceive of a higher contribution to the world than this. Indeed, the higher life really begins for no man until to the desire for personal purity is added the saving clause, "for their sakes." Thus the world waits for the man whose moral credentials lie in the fact that he contributes to the life of others. And having made himeslf of no reputation, he shall come to inherit the name which is above every name.

"One formatory is worth a thousand reformatories."

DEDICATION OF CHIMES

At Hopedale, Mass., on the 12th, 13th and 14th f November, there occurred the dedication of a nime of bells which the society has been working or during the last six years. It was a rare occa- on, hundreds of people from the vicinity attend- g to listen to the singing of the bells and par- cipate in the services in the church. Rev. Lewis . Wilson, a former minister, preached the ser- on of dedication, while the present pastor, Rev. red R. Lewis, conducted the services.

Each of the eleven bells is dedicated to some erson or organization, and the following inscrip- ons are especially interesting:

1. "Though I toll the passing soul,
   My tongue shall sing the immortal life."

2. "They have tones that touch and search
   The hearts of young and old."

3. "I ring the triumph of good over evil."

4. "These maintain the fabric of the world, and in the handiwork of their craft is their power."

5. "Since God lives, I sing."

6. "I proclaim undying hope in the valley of toil."

7. "Ring in the valiant man and free."

8. "I, I am a part of the poem,
   Of its every sight and sound,
   For my heart beats inward rhymings
   To the Sabbath that lies around."

9. "I ring the memory of the lovers of peace."

10. "If we be in tune, say Amen to the Bells."

11. "His glory is above the earth and the heavens. Praise ye the Lord."

I am now convinced that the uplifting of the morality of our people lies, above all and everything else, in educating the children, rationally and morally. I believe that more evil has been done by the squeamishness of parents who are afraid to instruct their children in the vital facts of life, than by all the other agencies of vice put together. I am determined to overcome this obstacle to our national morality. I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that the right way has been found at last. Thousands of men have asked me why they were not taught the danger of vice in their youth, and I have had no reply to make to them. I intend now, with God's help, to remove this reproach from our land.

—*The Bishop of London.*

Life has no other utility or aim than the throwing of one's self heartily into the supreme struggle. Nothing is lost in it—grain of sand or corner-stone; all that man's effort brings to it finds by the eternal laws its appointed place, goes to strengthen either the bulwarks of evil or the City of God. Woe to him who folds his hands because of his insignificance; to do nothing is the very worst fashion of doing evil.

From the Northwestern Province come interesting accounts of the visit of Rev. J. Edward Wright, of Montpelier, who has been at Winnipeg and Calgary during the absence of the Field Secretary, Rev. Frank W. Pratt, at Vancouver and Victoria. Large numbers of people have attended the popular afternoon services at Calgary. Dr. Wright has also spent two Sundays at Victoria and Vancouver, on his way to Seattle, where he went to attend the wedding of a lady whose mother he married more than forty years ago.

The income of the Billings Fund, this year, enables the Association to send several lecturers upon long trips. The Rev. Austin S. Garver, for twenty-five years minister of the First Unitarian Church of Worcester, Mass., is making an extended trip through the Southern States, visiting the churches and all the small circuits and preaching stations. Rev. Charles F. Dole, D. D., is making a tour of the college town churches, where, because of his well-known religious and literary services, he is being enthusiastically received. The Rev. Adelbert L. Hudson passes through a part of the Middle West and Southwest, where he will hold various platform meetings in cities where no Unitarian churches exist, while the Rev. Bradford Leavitt, of San Francisco, is spending several weeks in New England, filling many engagements in the interests of our cause.

The work of the Young People's Religious Union is holding its own among the organizations of the denomination. One of the important things that the Union is doing for the denomination lies along the line of education. Last year one of our college-town churches reaped the benefit of a

student-assistant, made possible through the generosity of the national organization of young people; and this year the same sort of helper is to be furnished three or four of the other college-town churches. These young men or women from the student body, virtually assistants to the pastor, are employed in welcoming, calling upon, and looking up the Unitarians enrolled, arranging social gatherings, in doing clerical work, and in fact any sort of service that will tend to further Unitarian work in these college-town churches.

The Tuckerman School has enrolled sixteen students in regular attendance. Of these, six started on full courses for diploma or certificate. Recently two have accepted positions which make only irregular attendance possible,—one being in settlement work in Boston and one at the head of "The House of Seven Gables," in Salem. This literary shrine is also a centre of some settlement work, and in addition to her work there, the director will be affiliated with the Sunday school at the North Meeting House, leading a class in Civic Problems.

Two courses of lectures by Rev. Henry Wilder Foote, on "The Hebrew Prophets as Teachers of Social Righteousness" and "Hymnology," given recently at the school, were much enjoyed.

It is not too late to enter the school if application is made at once.

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